

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

By Francis Scott Key, 1812.

O SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;  
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

## THE CURATE AND THE MILLIONAIRE.

"But does it never occur to you," asked the curate as he poured two tablespoonfuls of port into his glass and passed the decanter, "does it never occur to you to ask yourself what is the good of it all?"

"Never," said the millionaire, with decision.

"You never regret—you see, after all, money is not everything, is it?"

"That observation is frequently made," said the millionaire, thoughtfully, "and it is very misleading. Money is not everything, but it is much nearer to being everything than anything else is. There is quite a good deal of cant talked about money. It is comforting cant of course. One gets the same kind of thing about birth. Personally, I always mistrust anything that comforts."

"But is it all cant? Take the question of health for instance. Money cannot give health, and it is better to be well than to be wealthy."

"I often wonder why people go on saying that money cannot give health, when they must see every day that money does give health and that poverty causes illness. If work is injurious to me, I can afford to give it up. If I have to winter abroad, I can do it easily without considering the question of expense. If an operation is required, I can pay the very best man to do it and under the very best conditions. The poor can do none of these things. My ordinary way of life is much more healthy than his. The food that I eat is of the best quality and in condition, while he eats adulterated rubbish and stale gar-

bage. His houses are ill warmed and unsanitary, and mine is perfect in these respects. The poor man dies, and in nine cases out of ten it serves him right."

"Isn't that rather a terrible thing to say?" said the curate nervously, playing with his wineglass.

"In nine cases out of ten poverty is the result of stupidity. You blame a man for his moral defects, and I blame him for his mental defects. One is just as fair as the other. And both the mental and moral defects are about equally capable or incapable of remedy."

"Surely not," said the curate earnestly. "A sinner may be reclaimed, but you cannot give a man an intellect."

"You should use the same word in both cases. You may reclaim a man's intellect just as you may reclaim his morals. I have done it. I did it in my own case. I admit that mental reclamation, like moral reclamation, is rare."

"It all seems so dreary and fatalistic," said the curate.

"So it is," the millionaire agreed cordially. "As I told you, I don't like comforting cant. The best fable that ever was written was the fable of the fox and the sour grapes."

The curate seemed to reflect for a moment. "Tell me," he said darkly, "do you value the affection of your relatives and friends and those whom you have about you?"

"Of course," the millionaire owned. "Perhaps one values that most of all."

"And do you mean to say," asked the curate, flushed with triumph, "that that kind of thing can be bought with money?"

The millionaire concentrated his attention on his cigar with the air of a man who can provide a platitude without troubling to think. "But of course," he said, "you can buy affection as easily as you can buy a pound of tea and on almost the same commercial principles." The curate stuck to it. "Are you sure that it is genuine affection?" he said.

"There," said the millionaire, "I don't trouble myself. I get respect and subservience while I am there; and really I don't care what they say when I am not there. You see, I don't think about these people very much. It would annoy me if they showed hostility while I was with them. It would give one all the trouble of having to think of new things to say. But they are perfectly welcome to say what they like behind my back, because they haven't got any money worth mentioning or any position, and they don't matter. But, as a matter of fact, money can generally buy genuine affection, an affection that is just as real as that where there has been no value received."

"Really, this is too cynical," said the curate.

"Not at all," replied the millionaire; "fact, I am, on the whole, less cynical than you. I still believe in gratitude, and it would appear that you don't. Generosity is an admirable and popular quality. You must admit that. And it is very easy for a rich man to be generous. He just plugs in a few presents, as a gardener puts in seeds and afterward he gets the fruits, quite genuine fruits too. I sometimes wonder how anybody who is not a millionaire believes in genuine affection. It is certainly a luxury for the rich."

"Well," said the curate with a sigh. "I must not let you off. We owe \$25 on the church restoration at St. Barnabas. Give me a subscription. I'll see if it makes me think more highly of you."

"I never subscribe. I either do a thing or I leave it alone. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll wipe out this debt for you altogether if you preach the opinions you have heard from me from the pulpit."

The little curate got quite excited. "I'd sooner steal the money and then cut my throat!" he said.

"If I could have all the money at the price of having your views of life as well, I would not do it."

The millionaire smoked for a moment or two in silence. "You are not a bad sort of fool," he said at last.—Barry Pain.

From such specimen bricks, you may judge the quality of building material.

## Thanksgiving Proclamation.

REASON FOR THANKFULNESS, IN SPITE OF SORROW FOR THE LATE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has issued the following proclamation, fixing Thursday, November 28th, as a day of national thanksgiving:

The season is nigh, when according to the time-hallowed custom of our people, the President appoints a day as the special occasion for praise and thanksgiving to God. This Thanksgiving finds the people still bowed with sorrow for the death of a great and good President. We mourn President McKinley because we so loved and honored him; and the manner of his death should awaken in the breasts of our people a keen anxiety for the country, and at the same time a resolute purpose not to be driven by any calamity from the path of strong, orderly, popular liberty, which, as a nation, we have thus far safely trod.

Yet, in spite of this great disaster, it is nevertheless true that no people on earth have such abundant cause for thanksgiving as we have. The past year, in particular, has been one of peace and plenty. We have prospered in things material, and have been able to work for our uplifting in things intellectual and spiritual. Let us remember that, as much has been given us, much will be expected from us, and that true homage comes from the heart as well as from the lips, and shows itself in deeds. We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which on this earth and at this time each of us does his duty to his fellow men.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving, Thursday, the 28th of the present November, and I do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their wonted occupations, and at their several homes and places of worship reverently thank the Giver of all Good for the countless blessings of our national life.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this second day of November, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and One and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.  
By the President:  
JOHN HAY,  
Secretary of State.

## A Fortunate Dismissal.

Thirty years ago a young man named Samuel M. Bryan, a clerk in the postoffice department at Washington, received notice that his services were no longer needed. Incompetency was the reason given for his dismissal. When he looked over his stock in trade he found that it consisted of something less than a hundred dollars in cash and—a great idea. A week later he was on his way to San Francisco, one good-natured postal clerk after another allowing him to ride in his car. On reaching San Francisco, he secured a place as purser on a steamship bound for Japan, and in due time, found himself in Tokio. Once in Japan's chief city, he proceeded without delay to put his great idea into execution.

What he proposed was to perfect and put in operation, in Japan, a postal system modeled after that of the United States. Mr. Bryan found willing listeners among the high Japanese officials, and in due time was requested to prepare a prospectus of his system to be submitted to the Mikado. Its value was at once recognized, and its adoption ordered. Bryan was placed at the head of eleven thousand dollars a year, and entrusted with the negotiation of a postal treaty between Japan and the United States. A few months later he was back in Washington, as the envoy of the Japanese government, treating on equal terms with the man who

had dismissed him for incompetency.

The treaty which he negotiated with skill and diplomacy, proved satisfactory to all concerned. Bryan remained some fifteen years in the service of the Japanese government. He then returned to the United States a rich man. It is interesting to conjecture what his career might have been had he not lost his place in the post-office department.

## RHODE ISLAND.

Out in Pawtucket, R. I., the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller was the scene of a merry gathering of their invited guests, Saturday evening, November 2d, a surprise birthday party being given to Miss Katherine A. Butler. They kept themselves closed up in the parlor waiting until the advent of Miss Butler, who had been piloted by Mrs. Miller, and when she entered the room, thus a lamp being lighted, much to her surprise, she found a good sized audience. They gave her a most hearty handshaking, and after they all sat down, Mr. Pierce read the following poem to Miss Butler:

## BEST WISHES.

The year has rolled around,  
November now is here,  
And it is the birthday month  
Of a friend to us so dear.

In Memory's recesses,  
That night shall always shine;  
How could we ever forget  
That evening bright and fine.

On you, dear friend, years rest light,  
As they swiftly come and go,  
For the one who rightly lives  
Can never older grow.

Perpetual youth you've found,  
Your face doth indicate,  
Now, tell us the secret, please,  
Before it is too late.

May your sorrows e'er be few,  
As you joy without end,  
A life of happiness,  
We wish to you, Dear Friend.

Mr. Harry E. Babbitt, of Boston, being of a humorous turn of mind, enlivened the party with his stories and witicism, and convulsed them with laughter. Then Samuel McCarthy made a presentation speech and handed several handsome gifts to Miss Butler as tokens of esteem in which she is held by her many friends. The gifts were five calling cards with leather case, silver toilet set, two vases, box of bon-bons, handkerchiefs, cologne, writing case and pocketbook. Miss Butler made more than an attempt to express words of thanks, but courage hardly sustained her in the first place. She finally acknowledged her grateful remembrances for their cheer and kind remarks amidst their congratulations, although she was still overwhelmed with surprise.

As a matter of fact, judgment was indubitable in the buying of such gifts as showed the testimonials of the highest esteem in which she is held by her many friends. The party was a great success. Credit belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Miller for the success they attained to a great extent, Mr. McCarthy having assisted them. He is deserving of thanks for performing the service which devolved upon him. That he is a young man of energy and always offers anybody a hand, is authenticated by the fact that he has conducted the party gloriously.

In such a gay conversation was enjoyed by all present. The host and hostess served us with a bountiful collation, after which all repaired to the parlor, where time was spent pleasantly in social intercourse and games, and in the room were hung festoons of Japanese lanterns which added to the charms of the house. Some conundrums were propounded by one of the ladies—Mrs. Frances Childs, of New Bedford, Mass. She puzzled her friends with the exception of Mr. Albertus Blanchard, whose nature has endowed him with perceptive and precious mental powers which have been inherited by him through a long line of ancestry. He enjoys the benefits of a position lucrative to him in his pretty and quaint studio, and generally makes himself such a name as has impressed the public he is a man of high artistic ability. He has made several very striking portraits of Mayors of Pawtucket and Central Falls, and other prominent people.

Miss Butler came to Pawtucket from New Bedford over a year ago, as her married sister lives in Pawtucket. Her former home was in

Plattsburgh, N. Y., and she attended the Malone Institution for the Deaf. She came to New Bedford five years ago.

J. C. PEIRCE.

## "IN GOD WE TRUST."

If we look closely at a silver dollar coined since 1865, we will find the words "In God we trust" a little above the eagle's beak.

In 1861 Secretary Chase then Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, received a letter from a gentleman in Pennsylvania calling his attention to the fact that if this nation should suddenly pass out of existence and only its coins remain, there would be nothing to intimate that it had been a Christian nation.

Mr. Chase was deeply impressed, and wrote to the director of the mint at Philadelphia, where the coinage of the United States is made, saying, "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God, or except in His defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins." He gave the director of the mint instructions to have a device prepared at once, with a motto that would express the nation's recognition of God.

It was then discovered that this could not be done without the consent of Congress, for a law had been passed in 1837 which decided what devices could be placed upon the coins of the United States. The director having discovered this submitted the designs to the Secretary of the Treasury, and through him to Congress. None submitted wholly pleased the Secretary, and he changed one, "God our trust" to "In God we trust."

In 1864, in deciding the device of the two-cent piece, Congress passed an act in which this motto, "In God we trust," was accepted as one of the devices to be used in the coinage of United States money. In 1864, by another act, Congress decided that device should appear on the gold and silver coins of the United States. It was placed on the twenty, ten and five-dollar gold pieces, and in the latter part of 1865 on fifty and twenty-five cent pieces. In 1873 Congress provided that this device should appear on all coins the size of which would permit. That law still exists.—Outlook.

## THE MAN HE WAS.

An eminent man had passed away, and the whole community seemed moved with grief. The bar of the neighboring city where he had been a judge passed resolutions of respect; the church to which he had belonged expressed its sorrow in fitting terms; every one was saying that a good man, a Christian gentleman had gone. In groups the neighbors stood outside while the hearse waited, and recalled incidents in his useful life. Among them a young laboring man of intelligence and character stood, and this was the incident which he related: "When I first came to town, four years ago, I got on an ice-wagon. It was heavy work, and I was not so strong as now, but I got on pretty well. One morning I came to deliver ice at the judge's house just as he came out at the front door and started for his train. He hurried past me with a nod, for while he did not know me, he was always courteous to every one. I was carrying a hundred and fifty pounds of ice, and it was a pretty heavy load. As he passed me he noticed it and turned.

"See here, young man," said he, "I can't allow this. Set that down."

"I set it down and he took hold of the other handle of the tongs and helped me carry it into the kitchen. 'Now,' said he, 'don't undertake such a load again.'"

"He had missed his train, and he went by the company's office and told them, so I learned, that the work was too heavy for a boy. His protest resulted in the putting of another man on each wagon that distributed ice in large cakes. I always thought it showed the kind of man he was."

The incident seemed trivial, perhaps, compared with others that were related, some of which concerned large enterprises, and conspicuous public services; but there

was something about this little incident that caused all to remember. "I am not sure," said one man, "but that incident best displays his character. To help another with a burden that was too heavy, to go out of his way to seek another's good, to miss a train that he might right a wrong so common and respectable that no one else thought of it, or thought of it only as something that could not be helped, and to do it all unostentatiously, courteously and successfully—what better proof could be desired that he was a true Christian gentleman?" —Sel.

## The Value of Signs in Conversation.

Whatever advantages or disadvantages may arise from the use of signs in the class-room or on the playground amongst pupils of school age, it must be said that signs hold an important place in the ordinary conversation of the deaf in the period following their school life.

Amongst the deaf of inferior or mediocre intelligence, those who form the larger portion of the deaf population, signs are, with few exceptions, a necessity in order to properly convey their thoughts. It has been the experience of the deaf at large that this is the case, no matter under what system they may have been previously educated. It is undoubtedly true that should they make attempts, however feeble, to talk by means of finger spelling to well-educated deaf persons, they would profit immensely by the latter's superior diction. One only needs to look around him to see that such persons never associate together under these conditions. If teachers claim it takes the patience of Job to do the same thing, while they are at work and receiving pay, how much can we expect from the man who is trying to extract a little pleasure from his leisure hours? How much good would result from the association of the deaf of defective education amongst themselves if they would use only spelling, is problematical. As it is, they now do as they have always done—either learn the signs employed by the deaf or fall back to natural signs. Practically isolated from the hearing, their only means of keeping in touch with the world, and of getting a little of that all-important knowledge which goes to determine a man's place in the world—a knowledge of how to conduct themselves toward and address themselves to their fellow-men—is to converse with the deaf who are their superiors in this respect. They can carry on such a conversation only in signs. Even if it should be their inclination to do otherwise there would be no "hearers."

Amongst the well-educated deaf there are always two classes, those who express their ideas in intelligible though imperfect language and those who use perfect diction. To the former class, the withdrawal of signs would no doubt result in great improvement in language. But unfortunately, though they can converse intelligibly enough in English, they cannot do so readily. They will use signs in talking with one another. They find signs to carry with them the same benefits as do the other class, the class that has correct command of English. It might be supposed that the latter, to whom signs are unnecessary, would discontinue their use altogether. Quite the reverse. The best educated deaf probably express half their thoughts in signs. They find much to their advantage in signing. It gives force to the expression. It bridges over tedious passages. It gives brevity to the discourse. It is like an illustrated lecture. A few well-placed gestures will often convey more to the imagination than an hour of straight English.

Between the deaf and hearing, signs are except in rare instances of no benefit. Could the hearing be induced to engage in conversation readily with the deaf, the latter would be benefited greatly by the former's superior language. We notice how rare this is. The withdrawal of signs from the deaf does not mean that they will spell to each other. Neither does it indicate that they will associate with the hearing. Take away signs and the majority of the deaf are really isolated.

When a method shall have been devised whereby the deaf can easily and readily be educated to associate freely with the hearing, then and then only can signs be dispensed with. As long as the deaf associate with each other, so long will they continue to use signs.—James W. Howson, in Cal. News.

## About Ozone.

Many people talk about ozone without so much as knowing what ozone is. There is a prevalent idea that is something you get at the sea and that it is good for the lungs. What that something is, however, few people have sufficient curiosity to inquire. Ozone is what chemists call an allotropic form of oxygen—that is to say, it is oxygen in a highly active and concentrated condition. In ordinary pure air ozone exists, but only in what chemists call "traces." Larger amounts are found in ocean and mountain air. It instantly disappears when brought in contact with decaying matter, dissipating itself, as it were, in the act of oxidizing that matter.

Ozone is known to occur more plentifully during thunderstorms, and we have, of course, the analogy of its being artificially produced from oxygen by electrical discharges in the laboratory. On the body ozone is believed to act as a stimulant; hence the popular notion of its beneficial effects as experienced by the sea, but any greater in amount than mere traces it is a violent irritant. One authority goes the length of asserting that it is doubtful, whether it is beneficial to animal life at all.

## Colored Swedes.

A little Swedish monthly magazine published in New York city requested its readers a short time ago to send in accounts of the experiences they had when they first arrived in this country. Here is the prize specimen: "In my unsophisticated days I once started out to call upon a girl I had known in the old country. I was told that she lived at Madison Avenue and—Street. When I reached the corner, I was in doubt which house to try, but I finally went up the steps of one that faced on the avenue and rang the bell. A girl came to the door. 'Does Miss Nelson live here?' I asked as politely as I could. 'I don't know any such person,' she answered, and I was turning away when she called after me, 'Is she white?'

"That irritated me. 'Did you ever know any Swedes who were colored?' I asked.

"Well, I have seen some green Swedes," was her retort, and I did not continue the conversation.

## AMUSEMENT WORLD.

### NEW YORK THEATRE.

"Florodora the Greater," has had its anniversary, and business at the New York Theatre, where it was celebrated last Tuesday evening, is bigger than ever. New costumes marked the celebration of the year, and a larger house than ever was one of the incidents. This pretty play seems determined never to lose its popularity, and it is safe to say, will continue on for an indefinite period at the mammoth New York Theatre, where it has broken all records.

### THE KING'S CARNIVAL.

"The King's Carnival," which ran for eight months at the New York Theatre, and was then transferred to the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, and later to the Columbia, Boston, Mass., where it ran for four weeks, and repeated its success, will open at the Harlem Opera House Monday, the 18th. The same big company of two hundred people, the same beautiful effects, and the same all-star cast, including Marie Dressler, Dan McAvoy, Mabelle Gilman, Louis Harrison, Laura Barr, Frank Doane, Amelia Summerville, Junie McCree, Chas. H. Prince, John Ford, Marion Winchester, Nina Farrington, Lilly Brink, and the other favorites will be seen.

The curiosity of a woman would turn a rainbow to see what was behind it.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 31, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weak  
'Neath the old beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

The New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb has lost by death one of its staunchest friends and most consistent supporters. Avery Titus Brown, who had been a member of the Board of Directors for over forty years, died, of pneumonia, on Thursday, November 14th—less than twenty-four hours after being present at a Board meeting held at the Institution.

Avery T. Brown's interest in the education of the deaf, and in the well-being of deaf-mutes, can be said to have been inherited. It began in boyhood, through the influence of his mother, Mrs. Helena T. Brown, who for many years was chairman of the Ladies' Committee of the New York Institution. Soon after reaching his majority, he was elected to membership of the Board, and through all the years that elapsed up to almost the very hour of his death, he was a constant, observant and interested visitor at the Institution. His work in connection with the direction of the Institution was of a most active character. He had been at different times a member of the Executive Committee, and of the Law Committee, and at the time of his death was Chairman of the Library Committee, Secretary of the Committee on Instruction, and a member of the Committee on Nominations; and all of his associates on the Board know how often he transcribed its records, conducted its correspondence, and made its announcements as Secretary *pro tem*. All of which shows that he was an indefatigable worker in the interests of the Institution. And when it is considered that his services were given without ostentation and without emolument, we feel sure that all will agree that his name should be placed high on the roll of honor among the most illustrious and life-long friends of the deaf, as was that other noble soul who only asked that he might be recorded as one who loved his fellow men.

For two score years he was personally known by pupils of the New York Institution. He visited their classrooms, learned their names, gave them smiles and gestures of encouragement and commendation, and manifested a friendliness towards them that quite won their hearts. Physically he was a noble specimen of manhood, tall and straight, with regular features; and added to this was a kindly courtesy of manner, and a spirit of humor that in no wise detracted from his dignity, but gave one the feeling that he was a true friend and an affable gentleman.

On Saturday morning, at eleven o'clock, funeral services were held at his late residence, 33 East 21st Street, Rev. Schuyler Livingston officiating. Besides friends who filled the spacious parlors, many of his associates on the Board of Directors were present, among whom were President Charles Augustus Stoddard, Vice-President John T. Terry, Treasurer Edward M. Townsend, and Members: Messrs. James B. Ford, Charles A. Leale, Everett Herriek, Edward M. Townsend, Jr., James O. Sheldon,

and Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet. Principal Currier and the following teachers were present: Messrs. Thomas Francis Fox, Edwin A. Hodgson, William G. Jones, Edward S. Burdick, and Edward P. Clarke.

"O let us trust, like holy men of old,  
Not all the story here begun is told;  
So the tried spirit, waiting to be freed,  
On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read,  
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,  
Not *Finis*, but *The end of Volume First*."

OUR Philadelphia and Chicago correspondence came too late for this week's issue. It will be in next week's paper with additional news. Correspondents should send news as early as possible for next issue, as we must go to press a day earlier.

### TROY, N. Y.

The announcement of the date already selected by the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, of New York City, for the masquerade ball meets with the general approval of Troy and Albany deaf-mutes who contemplate attending, in view of the fact that the fourth day of January being Saturday, on which the ball will take place, is approximately to the New Year's day, that they shall avail themselves of this opportunity to spend a long visit of three days or so, in Gay Gotham, and then return home Sunday, in time to report for business duty the next day.

According to local newspaper advertisements, the famous "Silent Five" of New York City, will play a game of basket ball for the State championship with the strong team of St. Peter's Lyceum, at Bolton Hall, on Thanksgiving Day. The New Yorkers will be assured a royal welcome by their friends in Troy during their stay.

How mighty Georgetown has fallen to Gallaudet on the gridiron! Eighteen to six, or three six to once six! That's bully good! Gallaudet is now entitled to the championship of the South by virtue of Georgetown's victory over Virginia this Saturday. 'Rah! 'rah! for Buff and Blue. Bully boys!

Frank Sullivan has returned to school at Rome, N. Y., because of his mother's withdrawal of her objections to Frank continuing his education.

Clarence A. Boxley's father has been mentioned for the jury to sit at a hearing given to tax-payers, who claim exemption and give proof of same at the County Clerk's office, Troy, next November 19th.

Joe Kinney is radiant with the smiles over the prospect of returning to work after the collar cutters' strike was just settled.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Held gave a select party at their residence in Watervliet, to a number of deaf friends from Troy and Albany last November ninth.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gilboe, of Green Island, "over the river," were tendered a party by their friends last November second.

William Bolton, brother-in-law of Clarence Boxley, has been appointed a director of the Manufacturer's Bank of Troy, of which the latter's uncle is president, with ex-United States Senator Edward Murphy, Jr., as Vice-President. Mr. John G. Saxton, Gallaudet, '82, and a well known deaf artist, now living in New York City, is one of the stock-holders of the same bank.

Mrs. William Gould, mother of Mrs. C. Augustus Smith, is laid up with two broken ribs, from the result of a fall down the stairs through an unfortunate misstep. She has the sympathy of those who know and love her, with their dear wish for her speedy recovery.

Mr. Andrew Keenan, Jr., is seriously thinking of attending the masked ball to be given on the 4th of January, in New York City. Say, Andy, better shave off your handsome mustache, whereat your disguise will be fine, even without a mask on.

"Dummy" Kihm has made the best impression of all the Eastern importations signed by Manager Morley. He has been voted a complete success by the Los Angeles fans. His first base play is little short of a revelation. No throw, high, low or wide, seems hard to him. He covers a lot of ground, and has a strong and accurate throwing arm. At the bat Kihm displays good judgment by not going after bad balls, and when he hits, the force of a powerful pair of shoulders gives the horsehide lots of impetus. The players constantly forget the first baseman's affliction and shout instructions to him just as though his sense of hearing was not utterly lacking.—*San Francisco Post*.

Charles Kingsley thus counseled a friend: "Make it a rule and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think and pleasanter."

## FANWOOD.

### Death of One of Our Directors.

### CADETS ARE PRAISED.

### Literary Exercises—News Notes.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

Our flag waves at half-mast today. A token of respect to the memory of one of the best known, to the pupils, of the Institution's Board of Directors, who died from pneumonia on Thursday, November 14th, 1901.

On Friday, all the teachers and pupils assembled in the chapel at half past eleven o'clock and a memorial service was held. Principal Currier opened by giving official notice of the death of Mr. Avery T. Brown, who for forty years had been a member of the Board of Directors of this Institution. He was the youngest man ever admitted to the Board of Directors, his installation occurring in 1861, when he was only 25 years old. Since then he had devoted much time to working for the deaf, and he had been on almost every committee. At his death, he was a member of Committee on Nominations, Chairman of the Library Committee, and Secretary of the Committee of Instruction. He was almost never absent from any meeting, and he always took the office of Secretary *pro tem*, whenever the regular secretary was absent. We have sustained a great loss, for Mr. Brown was one most devoted to the cause of deaf-mute instruction.

Mr. Fox was next called upon to say a few words. In his position as Librarian, Prof. Fox had always been in frequent communication with Mr. Brown. He remarked that Mr. Brown always came to the classrooms whenever he was at the Institution, his face radiant with smiles and having a cheerful word for everybody. Mr. Brown showed great skill and excellent judgment in the selection of books for the pupils. It was always the boast of the elder graduates that they had many noted visitors. Mr. Brown was so proud of this school that he always brought his friends over to see it.

Mr. Jones was the next to speak. He was a pupil when Mr. Brown was a director. He was then a small kid, and Mr. Brown often patted him on the head and took him in his arms. Mr. Brown loved to bring his friends over to the Institution and show them the school. As Mr. Jones grew up, he often gave pleasure to Mr. Brown with his signs. When Mr. Jones became a teacher, Mr. Brown always came to his classroom to see him, and Mr. Jones felt it was his duty to please one who had been kind to him when he was a small boy. He regretted that he could never give pleasure to Mr. Avery T. Brown again.

Mr. Hodgson was the last speaker. He expressed his regret that such a good friend of the deaf and so faithful a director is no more. He was one who believed it a duty to give encouragement to teachers and pupils by frequent personal visits. When he was appointed teacher of printing twenty-five years ago, Mr. Brown was the first director to congratulate him, and he had many a good talk with Mr. Brown, which helped him along in his work. Mr. Hodgson knew that the deaf of this school were so familiar with Mr. Brown, that he declared that if a convention of the old graduates were held, and any one asked to say something about Mr. Brown, nearly all would get up; for all knew him, as his presence here was so frequent an occurrence. He was always kind, and often joked with the deaf, but at the same time held his dignity. His eye was keen, but his heart was kind. Mr. Brown worked in earnest for God's afflicted ones, and now that he has left this world, he will surely receive God's best reward.

The service was concluded with a prayer by the Principal, and all returned to the school duties of the day. Principal Currier accompanied the remains to their last resting place in Greenwood Cemetery, last Saturday.

Saturday, a memorial at Fort Washington was dedicated. There was a parade and impressive ceremonies in which the battalion of this school participated. They left here at about one o'clock and marched up the Boulevard to 187th Street, where the parade was to start. After a few minutes wait, the line was made up and the parade started. The boys were placed on the left of the line. In front of them was the band of the New York Juvenile Asylum. The boys did very well, and below is what the New York Herald said about them.

"Sunshine and smiling skies, with an autumn crispness, in the air, favored the complete success of the dedication. The march up to the ramparts was greeted on the accompaniments of the old time bug and blue regalia of the minute men of '76.

It blazed on the scarlet lined capes of the United States regulars of the sea and artillery, and warmed the duller hues of the gray uniforms of the cadet of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. There, in one marching column, were the American soldier of the past, the man behind the gun of the present, and, perchance, the soldier of the future."

The parade was headed by a platoon of police. Following came E. V. Grazzani, M. D., the Grand Marshall and his staff. The right of line was held by three companies of the United States Coast Artillery, led by the Eighth United States Artillery Band, and commanded by Captain Butner.

Behind the regulars came Wendell's Battery. To them had been assigned the duty of firing the national salute of twenty-one guns when the moment should arrive for unveiling the commemoration tablet.

In striking contrast were the blue and buff of the detail from the Washington Continental Guard, which acted as color guard for the flags of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution. These were followed by the visiting members of the field and staff officers of the Washington Minute-men, and they in turn by ununiformed members of the Sons of the American Revolution. Then came the boys of this school. The clip ping below was taken from the Herald:

"To the music of the band of the New York Juvenile Asylum marched a battalion of three platoons, of seventy-four cadets from the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The boys of this mute brigade, spick and span in their trim gray uniforms, marched with the precision of trained troops. Their appearance evoked applause all along the line.

The line of march from Kingsbridge Road, now Broadway, followed that taken by the victorious American army, when, after seven years of British occupation, it reentered Fort Washington in triumph in 1783.

Marching up the hill, by the way of the Fort Washington road, the column reached the citadel of the American defence, the spot now marked by the monument, which is built upon the rugged face of the native rock. Here the column halted and the regulars deployed into line, facing the tablet from across the road. The cadets of this school were posted on the right flank. Directly in front of the monument, the face of which was covered by a national flag, were grouped the officers of the participating societies and the invited guests. On the hill to the southward stood the men and guns of Wendell's battery, and all around them, on the ground, stood hundreds of spectators. A party of the girls from this school were there and saw the dedication.

An order rang out and all the regulars, also the cadets, came to "present" while the Eighth United States Artillery Band broke into the stirring strains of "America." At the same moment a flag was run up the lofty staff above the tablet, and a pull of another balliard released the flag that veiled the face of the monument, and the guns of Wendell's battery, on the hill, boomed out their national salute, and sending great puffs of powder smoke drifting over the Harlem, towards the spot where the British crossed in their flat-boats one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and assailed the bastions and ramparts in the rear.

After this was over, the soldiers marched over to a large tent, erected on the Bennett lawn. Addresses were made, and after two or three were finished, all marched away. The cadets arrived at the Institution a little after three o'clock. General George M. Smith was present at the dedication. He was in citizen's dress and went, among the deaf-mutes. He said the boys did finely and that he was well pleased with them.

At a meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, held in the chapel, Saturday evening, November 26th, the Eighth Grade entertained the members with the following program:

I. READING.—"Llewellyn," by Miss May Hoffman.

II. DEBATE.—Resolved, That Cuba would be benefited by becoming a part of the United States.

AFFIRMATIVE. NEGATIVE.  
V. Birck. E. Berg.  
A. Berg. B. Zwofe.

III. READING.—"Farmer Warren," by Miss Katie Bredmeyer.

IV. READING.—"The Elf and the Shoemaker," by Paul Dittmar.

V. DIALOGUE.—By the Misses Winifred Clark, Georgina Dossie and Jennie Schachter.

The judges for the debate were Miss Louise Turner, and Messrs. Edward Elsworth and Alfred Stern. Their decision was in favor of the affirmative side, which won by 37 to 35 points. The points were made as follows: V. Birck, 10; A. Berg, 27; E. Berg, 13; and B. Zwofe, 21.

In the dialogue, Miss Dossie passed off for a teacher, while Misses Clark and Schachter were students, wearing college gowns and caps. About seventeen books strapped up swung from their shoulders. The teacher tried to make them study, but as girls always do, they at once set to chattering about all sorts of nonsense. Before the close of the meeting the curtains were drawn

aside, and on the slates were two pictures, one of a Yale football player in ecstacy smoking a cigar, and the other was of a Princeton man all bandaged and shedding tears. Two songs were on another slate. There was tremendous applause by all those who were for Yale.

The football game between Yale and Princeton created great excitement among the boys. All kinds of badges were worn, from a pin to ribbons a yard long. The colors of orange and black were the most in evidence. Nothing was heard about the game until after supper. By this time the excitement was at its highest pitch. Tutor Van Tassel went in the office and through some misunderstanding, he gave the score, Princeton, 6; Yale, 0. There was a great outburst of noise by the Princeton boys. As this was going on, a few seconds later, a paper was brought, and on the first page was printed in letters five inches long: "Yale Wins." This was seen by the supporters of Yale, who instantly went wild. The Princeton boys still kept on making noise for they did not see it. Pandemonium reigned supreme. There was enough noise to shake down the house. It was some time before the Princeton boys realized that they were the victims of a hoax. Yale had won by the comfortable score of 12 to 0.

Tuesday was the anniversary of the birth of Harvey Prindle Peet. There were literary exercises in the morning and in the afternoon the annual competitive drill between the companies was held, to decide which one should carry the colors for the ensuing year. An account of them will be given in next week's issue.

Prof. Fox preached at the afternoon service in the chapel, last Sunday. He talked about the life of the late Mr. Avery T. Brown.

Misses Gertrude Turner and Lydia Smith were visitors last Saturday. They saw the unveiling and ceremonies at Fort Washington.

A number of the cadets went to see the foot ball game between Cornell and Columbia, after they returned from the parade. Cornell smothered Columbia with the 'big score of 24 to 0, and the cadets' patience in standing out in the cold was well rewarded.

Mr. Homer N. Lockwood was a visitor last Saturday. He followed the battalion from Fort Washington. He wore one of the badges, so we think he is one of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Captain Palmer H. Lyon, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. V., is now stationed at Fort Hamilton. His wife accompanied him. He is the son-in-law of Mr. W. G. Jones, of this school.

Prof. Jones entertained the pupils Sunday night with two readings, entitled "The Old Coat," and "A Bit of Bread."

W. R.

### In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the pupils, teachers and officers of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, held in the chapel of the institution on the morning of Friday, November 15th, 1901, the Principal presiding, announcement was made of the death of Avery T. Brown, for many years a member of the Board of Directors. A Committee was appointed to prepare, in the name of the meeting, expressions of respect to the memory of the deceased, and presented the following, which was unanimously adopted.

### MEMORIAL.

We have learned with deep sorrow of the death of Avery T. Brown, a Director of this Institution. Mr. Brown was elected a member of the Board of Directors in May, 1861, when about twenty-five years of age, being the youngest member elected to this responsible position.

In the forty years of his continuous services on the Board, he served at different times on the Executive, Instruction, Library, Nominations, and the Law Committees, and occasionally acted as Secretary *pro tem* of the Board, manifesting in each and every capacity the enthusiasm of an active, earnest, working member, with a deep personal interest in the welfare of the Institution, watching carefully its management and oversight, to secure efficient administration of its affairs.

In the performance of his share of the responsibility devolving upon the Directors, his frequent visits to the Institution made him a familiar presence to the pupils, and to us all, his cordial greeting and encouragement being ever a source of pleasurable inspiration to renewed effort.

Resolved, That, in the death of Mr. Brown, we recognize the close of a long life of useful service to the Institution, and have parted from an esteemed personal friend.

Resolved, That the Principal and a committee of teachers be requested to represent us at the funeral to-morrow.

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be presented to the family of our late friend, with expression of our deepest sympathy, and that it be offered for publication to the *American Annals of the Deaf*, and to the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*.

ENOCH HENRY CURRIER,  
Principal.

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX,  
Secretary.

In exploring the Waipio River in Hawaii a party from the Bishop museum of Honolulu recently discovered a cataraet that has one sheer fall of 600 feet, and in this exceptionally dry season runs 8,000,000 gallons a day. The party reached the cataraet only because of the low water, which permitted the explorers to ascend the bed of the stream.

## MARYLAND.

Is the habit of peripatetic worship growing among the deaf? This question has been asked again and again by those observant of the progress of Mission Work Among the Deaf. In the home it causes concern; in the club and on the street discussion. The serious minded mother with an eye to the religious future of her sons and daughters trembles as she looks out upon the countless multitudes in every city, town and village, who profess and call themselves Christians, and yet are fast falling under the wretched influence of a churchless age. She sees her sons grow up to join that merry throng of Sunday excursionists, who with fine sarcasm proclaim Nature their temple and admiration nature's harmonies Divine adoration. She sees her daughters flitting from church to church with wonderful impartiality. Now it is the popularity of the preacher, now the social status of the other worshippers, now the better equipment of the building of stone, now the choir, and anon the rigidity or laxity of the form of worship observed.

"Variety is the spice of life and what matters it whither we go, so long as we go some where to listen to the preaching of the word?" some of them ask. Yea, what matters it? What matters it if ye worship at the feet of some silver-tongued Koran preacher so long as the only true God is preached and the question as to "which speaketh the truth, Mohammed or Moses," is left in abeyance! The time is not so very far distant, judging from the increase of peripatetic worship, when a temple of Jove situated on a fashionable avenue will attract as many worshippers as a church of the true God on a more humble thoroughfare.

A decade ago this question as affecting the deaf had not appeared. Denominational divisions had not as yet come into existence. But one, or at most two, denominational churches had thrown open their doors. It was a stony and uneven ground the few deaf-mute pioneers found awaiting their plows. The unconquered forest held no attractions for others, but as soon as the harrowed field was overspread with its ripening grain, then came "strange reapers and gleaners singing the Stolen Harvest Song."

It would perhaps be rash to say that in a general sense the deaf are not the better off for the multiplicity and the variety of missions of the present day, and yet one cannot but regret the manifold divisions, the lack of unity of purpose, the frequent conflicts, the unhallowed rivalry engendered. "I am of Cephas," says one; "I am of Paul," rejoices another; and there ensues between the followers of Cephas and of Paul an unholy warfare, while the worshippers of Diana of the Ephesians standing aside view the carnage of battle and laugh in biting scorn. They know that change of scene, merry-making, the meeting of genial companions, an opportunity for the display of wit and millinery, are more to these rival factions than consistency of faith, and so they offer Pagan pennons by Attelane in the choir. The results is a migration hither and thither until both Paul and Cephas are in despair, and worship degenerates into a hollow mockery.

The Mt. Airy World of last week contained a pleasing and fulsome description of the recently acquired property of the Pennsylvania Home Fund Association. This property, which consists of one and one-half acres of land and an artistic dwelling of twenty-four rooms, will be used as the future Home for the Aged and Infirm deaf of Pennsylvania. We sincerely congratulate the deaf of the Keystone State upon this outcome of their efforts, and we can but hope and pray that their loyalty to the Home, now so nearing a reality, will be fervent and lasting. What a magnificent opportunity the Pennsylvania deaf have for doing good—for continuing to do good. Theirs will not be a mere useless memorial of bronze or of stone, which requires but the spasmodic effort of one generation to be made real and lasting. As proof positive that the deaf are not ungrateful, the magnificent works of sculpture in old Hartford, in Philadelphia, and in Kendall Green, are pointed out. These memorials cost months, even years, of effort, and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars. It would be ungrateful for us who had no part in their erection not to praise them, and yet we cannot help but feel that had their founders designed them for real and continuous utility as well as beauty, a much greater honor would have come to the personages they represent. Who would not rejoice in an Institution or Home bearing the name of Gallaudet, or Clerc, or Peet or Syle—a Home endowed by the united offerings of the deaf of the whole land? What a magnificent tribute to the goodness and brotherly-love of the deaf of Ohio is the Ohio Home, how the more lovely appears Gallaudet's character when brought within the shadow of the Gallaudet Home, and the deaf of Pennsylvania now living will year after year keep on

the good work, and thank God that to them was vouchsafed a task that will never end!

Miss A. B. Barry left on the 15th for a ten days' sojourn among her former pupils and co-workers at the Frederick School.

Mr. J. W. L. Unsworth and H. S. Anderson have departed for Newport News in quest of more lucrative work among the iron-foundries of that town. We hope they will be successful.

Mr. William McElroy has joined issue with the Maryland Biscuit Company, having bidden French leave to the Mason Cracker Company. Should "unecda biscuit" Mr. McElroy will be glad to supply you.

Mr. and Mrs. Feast have come into possession of a home of their own, on Wilkens Ave., near Fulton Ave. Our congratulations.

It is said Miss Rosa M. Harris, who recently resigned from the Frederick School and whose resignation the Board of Visitors accepted with the stipulation that should she desire to do so she might resume her work, will return to her duties about the first of January.

A large number of the deaf attended an excellent stereoptical exhibition at the Young Men's Christian Association hall on the evening of the 11th. The exhibition was given for the benefit of the Methodist Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Mooney have removed to the Stern Mansion on Carrollton Avenue near Bessie Street, in order to be near the latter's aged mother.

Rev. O. J. Whildin left for Frederick, Md., Saturday, the 16th. On Sunday morning, he held a service in All Saints' Chapel. Quite a number from the school and from the city attended. While in the city, Mr. Whildin paid a visit to the Maryland School. During his absence from the Baltimore Mission, Mr. H. T. Reamy was in charge.

The football game between the Gallaudets and the Baltimore Medical College on Thanksgiving Day, promises to bring an influx of visitors from Kendall Green. "Mary Jane" ain't married just yet but ne'er mind, ye lovely Owls, there'll be a bite and a cup o' tay for each o' ye, sure; and Sister Debby'll be to home with her box o' fudge.

Mr. A. C. Buxton, President of the Maryland State Association and Chairman of the Committee of Fifteen, announces that a meeting of the Committee will be held on the evening of December 17th, to devise ways and means to canvass for the Fund. In a recent issue of the *Maryland Bulletin*, a photograph of the first contributor to the Fund is given. This is a little girl twelve years old, Miss Ada McMichael. Her mite amounted to the goodly sum of fifty cents. In earlier issue of the *Bulletin*, the president of the Association announced that official communications would be published in that paper and in the *Deaf-Mutes' Register*. Perhaps it was through an oversight that the JOURNAL was not mentioned. We are sure the editor of this paper will be pleased to offer space in his columns for the purpose. The circulation of the JOURNAL is not so very small that a notice issued through it will not be read by many within the State.

Mrs. Robert McCall, in whom many of the deaf of Maryland will recognize as formerly Miss Fannie Wells, is the proud mother of a little girl, born November 3d.

"MARY JANE."

### RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D. D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

One day nearly three hundred years ago a poor optician was working in his shop in the town of Middleburg, in the Netherlands, his children helping him or amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying about, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed, "O, papa, see how near the steeple comes!" Anxious to learn the cause of the child's amazement, he turned toward her, and saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to the eye, the other at arm's length; and calling her to his side, he noticed that the eye lens was plano-convex, while the other was plano-concave. Taking the two glasses he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses at proper focus, thus producing the wonderful effect that she had observed. His quick wit saw in this a wonderful discovery, and he at once set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses. Ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses at their proper focus, and the telescope was invented.



## NEW YORK.

### Death of Thomas W. Brown.

#### HIS UNIQUE PERSONALITY

##### The News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Thomas W. Brown died at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, on Thursday, November 14th, and was buried in Calvary Cemetery, on Saturday afternoon. He had been ailing at intervals since he had an attack of La Grippe two years ago, but the trouble which caused his death did not develop until last summer. It was wrongly diagnosed as asthma, and he and his friends believed it to be that distressing but not dangerous disease until a day or two preceding his death, when the doctors at St. Mary's Hospital found the trouble to be a tumor near the heart. He was then too weak to stand an operation, even if one could have been successfully performed.

Thomas W. Brown was born August 10th, 1853. He became deaf at the age of sixteen years, from typhus fever, the disease also stopping the growth of one of his legs. He was entered as a pupil at the New York Institution on December 15th, 1875, and remained at that school for five years, leaving in October, 1880. His teacher was Prof. E. H. Carrier, now Principal of the Institution.

After leaving school, he got work as tailor, with "Nicol, the Tailor," but did not continue at the business for more than a year, as he complained that it injured his leg. He was lame, one leg being about six inches shorter and correspondingly smaller than the other. Next he got a place as package wrapper with R. H. Macy & Co., and was married to a hearing girl, whom he became acquainted with while there. She was beautiful but fickle, and after a year or more of unhappy marital life, his troubles culminated by her desertion of his home. Years after she died, and Mr. Brown was again married to a deaf-mute lady of Brooklyn, a graduate of the Henry Street (Brooklyn) branch of the Fordham Institution. She and three children—the oldest a boy of ten years—survive him. Messrs. E. A. Hodgson and Thomas F. Fox went to Brooklyn at the hour appointed for his funeral, but although they were there ten minutes before the time specified, the remains had been taken to Calvary. They could only leave their written sympathy for Mrs. Brown. Mr. Theodore I. Lounsbury reached Mr. Brown's late home just as the two above mentioned were leaving, and was much disappointed at being too late. Who was responsible for having the funeral start earlier than announced, could not be discovered.

In all New York—possibly in all the United States—there was no more unique and interesting personality among the deaf than that of Thomas W. Brown. He was possessed of a high intelligence, had a glib tongue and an engaging manner, but above all—and a trait that won for him hosts of friends—was his square dealing. His word was his bond, and he never went back on it, no matter what the sacrifice in order to fulfill his promises. His vocation since leaving Macy & Co., was that of advertising solicitor, and in that business he was a great success. Through his work, the Gallaudet Home, the Guilds and societies of the Deaf have profited to a considerable extent, for it was always "Tom Brown" who was called in to engineer the advertising proposition when "Souvenir Journals" were to be issued. He made money himself; but that was in his line of business—he defrauded no one. Each year, at the time when political leaders marshalled their cohorts for the battle of ballots, "Tom Brown" was engaged by the municipal leaders to carry the deaf-mute vote. This was usually done quietly, but last year, in Brooklyn, he got up a big meeting, and on November 2d of this year, he brought together the deaf voting population of New York, and by the aid of spell-binders who talked in the language of signs, thrilled them with enthusiasm for Seth Low. We will all miss his smiling face, cheerful disposition, and philosophical business manners and sayings. He had a face that mirrored every feeling and thought. In it you could plainly see the grieved expression, when failure to secure his object was possible; the serious look that accompanied his arguments; the triumphant gleam in his eyes when he succeeded; and the smiling face of good-natured acquiescence that always closed his business discussions, no matter whether he had won or lost. With

in his means, he was charitable to those in need, and no deaf person in trouble asked for his aid in vain. The deaf community has lost an honest and cheerful and liberal-hearted man.

On Saturday evening, surrounded by his family, his books and his pleasant pictures, and a trio of intimate friends, Prof. Thomas F. Fox celebrated his arrival at the forty-first milestone of his career, with a little dinner gotten up expressly for the occasion by Mrs. Fox. Handsome hand-painted menus, with appropriate quotations graced the plate of each participant, including Masters Edwin and Elliott, who left the table sleepy and satisfied, and all the sweets had been consumed. There were toasts and responses, and all had a most enjoyable evening.

On Tuesday evening, November 12th, from 8 to 10 o'clock, a parish reception for the purpose of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Judge was held in the Guild rooms of St. Matthew's Church, West 84th Street. Several of the parishioners of St. Ann's were in attendance. Neat invitations were sent out.

The Lexington Avenue School has recently awarded a diploma to Miss Ruby Abrams, and she is greatly honored by her family and acquaintances. She is now an art student in the Cooper Union, and has great prospects of soon entering the Decorative Class.

Mrs. Sarah H. Morse, widow of Prof. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, died in Berlin last week, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. She was a seminary, and was educated at the New York Institution when it was located at 50th Street.

Isaac T. Brockman, who has been in the Sefon Hospital, at Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., for weeks to be treated for consumption, is in the city, and looks better than ever. His doctors hope to bring him around all right again.

After an illness of two years and ten months, Mr. William A. Crollus, father of Mrs. Grace Commerding and May Crollus, died on October 30th, of dropsy, age 59 years. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Theodore S. Rose was forty-five years old on the 14th, and his folks gave two dinners in honor of the event. He afterwards went to the Union League rooms and received the congratulations of twenty seven leaguers.

Richard R. Tweed was married to Miss Annie Steinman at the residence of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet last Sunday. They are graduates of Fanwood, and the former is a compositor by trade.

Prof. Mitchell, who was for a short time Superintendent of the Lexington Avenue School, is now on the Faculty of the College of the City of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Metzner were given a surprise party last week by their deaf-mute friends. They were born in Russia, but came to America a long time ago.

Mrs. M. E. Haight has returned from her summer sojourn in the mountains and is again at her residence in Yonkers, N. Y.

Among the new faces at St. Ann's last Sunday, were those of Mrs. Matthew Schuttler, Miss Bella Bensinger, and Mr. Wolgomuth.

Mr. Donnelly, a middle-aged deaf-mute, whose home is in Bronx Borough, is in Bellevue Hospital with a broken shoulder blade.

Miss Martha Jaycox, at present residing at Wakefield, N. Y., was visiting friends in Yonkers, N. Y., last Sunday.

There is an unconfirmed rumor that John Lounsbury, of Brooklyn, is dead.

#### Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.

21—Burlington, Vt.  
22—St. Alban's.  
24—St. John'sbury.  
25—Randolph.  
26—Bellow's Falls.  
27—Brattleboro.

DECEMBER.

1 3:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.  
1 3:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.  
7 3:30 P.M.—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.  
8 7:30 P.M.—Messiah, Glens Falls.  
8 10:30 A.M.—Trinity, Elmira.  
8 3:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Oswego.  
12 7:30 P.M.—Christ, Binghamton.  
12 7:30 P.M.—St. John's, Johnstown.  
15 10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.  
15 3:00 P.M.—St. George's, Schenectady.  
16 7:30 P.M.—Christ, Herkimer.  
17 7:30 P.M.—St. Mark's, Hoosick Falls.  
20 7:30 P.M.—St. John's, Oneida.  
21 7:30 P.M.—St. Mark's, Malone.  
21 10:30 A.M.—Trinity, Utica.  
23 3:00 P.M.—Zion, Rome.  
23 7:30 P.M.—St. Paul's, Syracuse.  
23 7:30 P.M.—Trinity, Watertown.

#### NOTICE.

A special meeting of St. Paul's Guild of the Deaf, will be held in St. Paul's Parish House, Troy, on November 30th, at 7:30 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Van Allen will lecture. All are invited, whether members or not.

## OHIO.

### A Little Orphan's Sad Death.

#### FOOT BALL NEWS.

##### Divers Matters.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Miss Nellie M. Flinn, for some years past a pupil of the Institution, breathed her last about 11:30 o'clock Sunday evening, in St. Anthony's hospital. Her death was indeed sad—sad, because her life was cut short just as it was entering maidenhood. Sad, because during her sickness there were no loving mother's hands to administer to her, no father's or near relative's consolation. Her mother died when Nellie was a mere child, and after being placed in the Institution neither her father nor other relative ever visited her. During vacations she was either kept at the Institution or placed with some one in the country meanwhile. Early in the spring it was noticed that the dreaded disease, consumption, had its hold upon her. When school closed last June she was sent to some good people in the country, where it was hoped the air would benefit her. Shortly after school opened in September, she was taken to the above hospital, where her life slowly ebbed away. Some of her classmates and schoolmates made frequent visits to her and always left behind them some of nature's flowers. Superintendent Jones and other officers also called to see her. The former and Principal Patterson saw her Sunday evening, when it was known that her end was near, and bade her goodbye. Tuesday morning, just before the chapel exercises, the remains were brought to the B rotunda, where officers and pupils were given a chance to take a last look at her features. The body was buried in the Institution lot at Greenlawn Cemetery.

The Ann Arbor, Mich., and Ohio State University football game last Saturday, brought down from Michigan and northern Ohio points a large contingent of rooters and visitors to the city. It was a contest worth seeing, and even the \$1 admission brought within the field an audience of 5,000. The result, as is already known, was in favor of the Wolverines, but they had to fight for every inch for it, and came out of the contest with their banner somewhat drooped, for the score was the smallest they have made this season. There were several deaf spectators at the game, and one of them tooted his horn and yelled as loud as the hearing people whenever a point favored the O. S. U. boys. Mr. Ezra Hedges, of Ashville, came up to see the game, and held down a seat with Mr. Zell on the bleachers, while several of the pupils saw the fun from among adjacent tree tops.

The Independents had an easy job of it Saturday morning, in the game with the Otterbein team. It was a rather one-sided contest, judging from the score, which was 34 to 0. The game was played on the Otterbein's grounds, up at Westerville.

Messrs. Lorenzo Young and Willie Freyer were circulating among the pupils Saturday, having come down from Anglaize County with the football excursionists.

Oren Riddle, a last June graduate, was in the city the first of the week, making inquiry in regard to a position in a shoe factory here, but we are not informed if he secured the coveted place.

Mr. Frank Jones, after several days spent out in the country, returned to the city, and is now visiting friends in the southwestern part of the State.

Mr. Frank Reitman turned up here Sunday, and expects to remain while he can secure work. Judging from his talk, that California venture was not a success financially, but he is richer in one thing at least, experience, and that glowing advertisements in magazines and newspapers as to the possibilities of fortune-making in that State, are more imaginative than real. That State is no place for a person without capital, and it is folly for such people to go out there expecting to better themselves. It is even difficult for wage workers to secure employment. The supply is greater than the demand.

The first snow of the season here was ushered in Thursday morning, much to the delight of the small boy. The weather has been wintry since.

Mrs. Nellie Perego is in Toledo to stay for a while, and has secured a position there in a factory, operating a machine.

The trustees of the Institution met Thursday evening, and after attending to the usual routine business, considered Superintendent Jones' annual report and their own. The fiscal year ended yesterday. One thing the report will show is that the attendance at that date

was 535 pupils, the highest ever reached in the history of the Institution.

Mr. Ernest Zell left last evening for Ashville, where he will be the guest of Mr. Ezra Hedges during to-day. The two for the time being will be nimrods, and woe unto the quail and rabbits that chance to cross their path.

The printing office force was regaling itself with apples yesterday afternoon at the expense of the foreman, Mr. C. W. Charles. It is his annual custom to treat the boys on the anniversary of his birthday. Nov. 16, 1901. A. B. G.

#### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NOVEMBER 24TH—SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT, AT 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.  
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 10:30 A.M., 3 P.M.

#### GUILD ROOM

OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH, EIGHT P.M.

The Guild of Silent Workers will hold a meeting in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church on Tuesday, November 26th, at 8 P.M.

#### THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving Day, November 28th, there will be a service and sermon in St. Ann's Church, at 10:30 A.M. Offerings for the New York Diocesan Fund for widows and children of deceased clergymen.

Contributions to provide Thanksgiving dinners for the needy may be handed to Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, Mrs. Böhle, Mrs. Barnes and Mr. Abrams.

Confirmation service in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Sunday, December 29th, 8 P.M.

Monday, Nov. 25th, 8 P.M.—Vestibule of St. Matthew's Church, Annual meeting of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

The question of deaf-mute education in the Philippines has been started by the New York DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and is being discussed by the other exchanges. Mr. G. N. Brink, who was connected with this Institution last year, is now in the Philippines and is one of the ten men appointed to have charge of the educational work under the direction of the General Superintendent. When Mr. Brink left here we had some conversation with him respecting the work of teaching the deaf and the blind in our new possessions, and he promised to write as soon as he felt qualified to speak advisedly on the subject. No doubt the task of arranging the ordinary public school work has occupied the time of all these newly appointed officials to the exclusion of other considerations, but we feel sure that if Mr. Brink finds it possible to do so, he will exert himself in the interests of those children who cannot see and hear. We hope to hear from him at an early date and possibly he may have something to say on this subject in his first communication to the *News-Cal. News*.

#### Receipt for Mock Mince Pie.

Three cups bread crumbs; one cup brown sugar; one cup molasses or syrup; one cup raisins; half to one cup vinegar, according as it is strong or weak; one teaspoonful salt; one scant teaspoonful cloves; one to one and a half teaspoonfuls cinnamon; one tablespoonful butter. Add four cups boiling water and stir until well mixed, then let it simmer slowly ten to fifteen minutes on stove, but don't let it burn. Set it aside to cool before making your pie crust; use spice and nutmeg to your taste.

The above is sufficient for one good sized pie, and baked right it will fool the natives that they are eating the genuine article made of chopped mince meat and apples. The vinegar is used to give it the acid taste of sour apples. Brandy and wine may be added, if that taste is desired. I use stale wheat bread crumbs, fixing the mixture to let it stand over night and bake next morning. MRS. MOSES SMITH.

#### Rev. Mr. C. Orris Dantzer's Appointments.

Hereafter services for the deaf in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street, as follows:

SERVICES.

First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.  
Second Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Holy Communion.  
Third Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.  
Fourth Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Morning Prayer.

#### MARRIED.

On the evening of Thursday, November 14th, at 8 o'clock, at Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., the Rev. Austin W. Mann solemnized marriage between Mr. James Crookston Taylor and Miss Anna Maria Fritscher. The wedding dinner came off at 323 Washington Street, Allegheny, in which city the couple will reside. The presents were many and beautiful. Many witnessed the marriage service.

## CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### The Intellectual and the Physical.

#### GUYING THE FRESHIES.

##### Brevities.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The Lit's programme Friday evening, opened with an essay, "A Coming Centennial," by Mr. Steideman, '02. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That President Roosevelt's action in having Booker T. Washington dine with him, was wise." Affirmative, Messrs Flick, '03, and Nesbit, I. C.; Negative, Messrs. Hughes, '03, and Mikesell, I. C. Messrs. Hendricks, '04, and Kleberg, '05, gave a dialogue entitled, "A Complaint." Mr. Brown, declared "The Diver." The report of the Critic ended the program.

Mr. Steideman handled his subject very well, and gave an interesting account of the purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803. The Centennial will be celebrated in 1903.

In the debate, the Negative side came out victor. The leaders on both sides showed careful preparation of the question.

The dialogue was neither criticized nor very much praised.

Mr. Brown declaimed quite well. The next regular meeting of the Literary Society will be held in the Lyceum on Wednesday afternoon, November 27th, at 3:30 o'clock.

The game between Georgetown and the University of Virginia, at Georgetown field, Saturday afternoon, attracted many of the students, who helped swell the crowd of Georgetown rooters. Not much chance was given them in the first half, when Virginia piled up the score of 11 to 6 in her favor. In the second half Georgetown let loose and Virginia danced to a different tune, for Georgetown by a splendid rally made eleven more points, and the final score stood 17 to 16 in favor of the Blue and Grey.

This game was particularly interesting for the fact that Virginia defeated Gallaudet, 24 to 0. Gallaudet defeated Georgetown, 18 to 6, and Georgetown defeated Virginia, 17 to 16, so the championship of the South remains undecided.

The students here are more than satisfied with the outcome of this game. From the way Virginia was slammed over the field in the second half, the conceit must have been pretty well knocked out of her. If she calculated on winning by her usual underhand methods she soon discovered her mistake. The officials were "Broncho" Armstrong, of Yale, Umpire; B. A. Morrison, of Cornell, Referee. Should it be advisable to settle the question of the championship, Gallaudet will not hesitate to face Virginia, and it will be somewhere in this city. However, it is not likely Virginia will accept the challenge.

The District Y. M. C. A. cancelled the game which was to have taken place Saturday, November 10th. Manager Northern found it impossible to arrange any other game for that date.

Tuesday, the team from the Marine Barracks will play a practice game at Kendall Green with the 'Varsity. Saturday the team goes to Baltimore to meet the University of Maryland.

The Reserves will play Central High School, Wednesday, at home.

The Freshmen are going through a very trying ordeal, but so far they have borne up bravely. The upper classmen are very sarcastic about the suspicion of down the Freshmen are nursing on their upper lips.

The Freshmen are trying to raise moustaches!

If you put your eyes to the small end of a pair of field glasses, adjust the focus, and point the glasses at some unsuspecting Freshmen, you will see on his upper lip a straggling growth, like the stubble in last year's wheat field. Don't scorn it. That's his moustache! Encourage him to promote its growth. Recommend some hair tonic to him. Praise it, and tell him it's "real cute," of silky texture, and plainly visible—through the Lick telescope. The Freshman will thank you, and go off to pat himself on the back before a looking glass. He will also brag to his classmates and in the end buy another bottle of hair tonic. If he gets discouraged and shaves before the end of next month, his fate will be too horrible for us to record here.

The students assisted at a stereoscopic entertainment, Tuesday evening, at Northeast Temple. Forty-five dollars was realized, and after expenses, etc., are paid, about twenty dollars will go to the Mission in charge of Rev. Mr. Moylan.

The co-eds have been rehearsing "As You Like It," which is to be presented in the Chapel Hall, November 27th. An admission fee

will be charged, the proceeds are to help increase the library of the O. W. L. S.

The *Buff and Blue* for November will be out this week.

Indications point to a big crowd at the entertainment of the Saturday Night Dramatic Club, November 30th. All the reserved seats have been sold, and very few tickets are left. Verily, some one is hustling.

Hanlon's "Superba" was at the Academy of Music, last week. This excellent pantomime was well patronized by the students. Messrs. Hewetson, Erickson and Foreman, of the Junior Class, and Neesam, Sophomore, made up a party which attended last Tuesday.

Messrs. Painter, '02, and Cowley, '03, went to the National Theatre, Tuesday last, to see Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle.

Some time ago a party of co-eds visited the navy yard, and inspected the President's boat, "Sylph." Their guide was very obliging, but when we consider that Misses Weidenmeier, '04, Hansen, '04, Hall, '05, Hagler and Morse, '05, made up the party, we don't wonder he was so very obliging.

Superintendent Wilkinson of the California School, was the guest of President Gallaudet, Wednesday. He was temporarily relieved from his arduous duties, and his trip East is to recuperate. In the chapel Wednesday morning, he addressed a few timely remarks to the students. Supt. Wilkinson's acquaintance with President Gallaudet and Dr. Fay dates from away back in the sixties. J. H. K.

#### Rochester, N. Y.

An enjoyable Hallowe'en party was held at the Parish House of St. Luke's Church, Thursday evening, October 31st. The small fee of ten cents was charged each. About thirty made up the attendance. Various hallowe'en games were played, and some pretty prizes were awarded the winners. Cocoa and wafers were served.

Miss Lulu Wackerman invited a number of friends to a pedro party, at her home Saturday evening, November 2d, in honor of Mr. Charles Critchley's birthday. A very enjoyable time was had by all present. Mrs. Gibbs won the Ladies' prize, a pearl paper cutter, and Mr. De Young won the gentlemen's prize, a fancy match stand. Refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, coffee, cake and fruit, were served. Mr. Critchley was the recipient of some very pretty and useful presents.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Davis celebrated their first wedding anniversary October 30th, with a supper. They had as their guests Mrs. German, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. German, of Buffalo, N. Y., and the Davis family, of Rochester. They received many very pretty presents.

A number of Rochesterians attended the Pan-American Exposition the latter part of October. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Goodison, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. Bert Stevens.

Rev. Mr. Koehler, of Philadelphia, Pa., was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer, recently, on his way home from the Pan-American Exposition. He preached to a good sized congregation on Sunday evening, October 20th, at St. Luke's Church.

Mrs. Cornelius and son, and Mrs. David Newhouse and daughter, were last week the guests of Mrs. Dantzer.

Mrs. Dantzer invited a small number of friends on Wednesday evening, October 9th, to meet Miss Mary A. Carroll, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was her guest for a week. The evening was very pleasantly spent, and several games were indulged in. Ice cream and cake were served.

Miss Wright, of Elmira, will come to Rochester Thanksgiving Day, to be the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer.

The Black Gill Club give their first ball on Wednesday evening, November 27th. A number of out of town mutes intend to be present. ROCHESTERIAN.

Nov. 18, 1901.

#### Too Late for Regrets.

Tired of life and the ever present necessity of earning his daily bread by working, he had taken a dose of carbolic acid and laid down to die. But the meddlesome doctors pumped him out and saved him to society.

"Oh, Horace," moaned his wife, leaning over him, "why did you take that awful stuff? Laudanum would have been less painful and so much surer!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### Diamond in a Duck.

Joseph Victoria of Riverhead, N. Y., was the other day presented with a wild duck by a friend who shot it. While dressing the duck, Victoria discovered what he thought was a piece of glass and took it to a nearby jeweler. The jeweler pronounced it a genuine diamond worth \$90.

Gray hairs are like the light of a soft moon, silvering over the evening of life.

#### Hoch, the Kaiser!

Oh, clang your shields in ecstasy, ye gallant sons of Mars!  
And shake the giddy welkin with your ringing battle cries!  
Let not the glad wind cease to blow, the mellow sun to shine,  
And welcome to America the war lord of the Rhine!

Ah, how the weird, three cornered words will hiss along the breeze!  
Ah, how the meerscham overworked will glow and cough and wheeze!  
Ah, how with mad enthusiasm the swarming boats will rock.  
To watch the white sails flying through an atmosphere of Bock!

For William's coming over, and we're glad to see him come!  
We'll go in training vocally and make the heavens hum;  
We'll play the fatted brezel and lead forth the weeping stein  
And lay them on the altar of the war lord of the Rhine!

Come over here, dear William, and take anything you see—  
Except the cup! I'm pained to say you'll have to let it be!  
That article, dear William, is a thing we can't resign;  
'Twould pine away with heimwahn, even on your sunny Rhine!

Ha! William! You are welcome. Bring your stoutest hearts along!  
Our breezes in your rigging shall resound  
We'll fill you up with jolly, and we'll send you down the line;  
It's hoch, the gallant Kaiser, and it's hoch, the sunny Rhine!  
—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

#### Nautical Terms.

The definitions below will explain much of the testimony given in the Schley court of inquiry:

Cable's length—203 yards.

Cross Sea—Waves that come from divers direction.

Larboard—Now obsolete, meaning the left side.

"Port" as a distinctive sound was introduced in place of larboard.

Quarter Deck—The deck abaft (behind) the main mast, where members of a crew are never allowed unless their duty calls them there.

Side Lights—The red (port) and green (starboard) lights carried by vessels at night.

Starboard—The right-hand side; the opposite of port.

Draft—The depth of a vessel to the extreme underside of the keel, measured from the load water line.

Trough—The hollow between wave crests.

Leeward—The side of the ship opposite to that which is exposed to the wind or storm.

Windward—The direction from which the wind is blowing.

Sheer Off—To remove to a greater distance.

Logbook—A journal in which is entered the position of the ship, winds, currents, state of the sea and all matters of importance in relation to the vessel and its movements.

Conning Tower—A small, strong steel house raised above the deck and furnished with portholes, in which the commanding officer can direct the movement of a ship during an engagement.

Executive Officer next in rank to the commander.

#### He Wanted An Ax.

Tramp (to woman who has given him a loaf of stale bread): "Now, if you'll show me the way to the woodshed I'll get the ax and—"

"Why, you dear old fellow, you mustn't think of cutting wood; you're too weak."

"Oh, I didn't want the ax for that. I just thought that I'd like to cut off a chunk of this bread—if I've got strength enough."—*Ex.*

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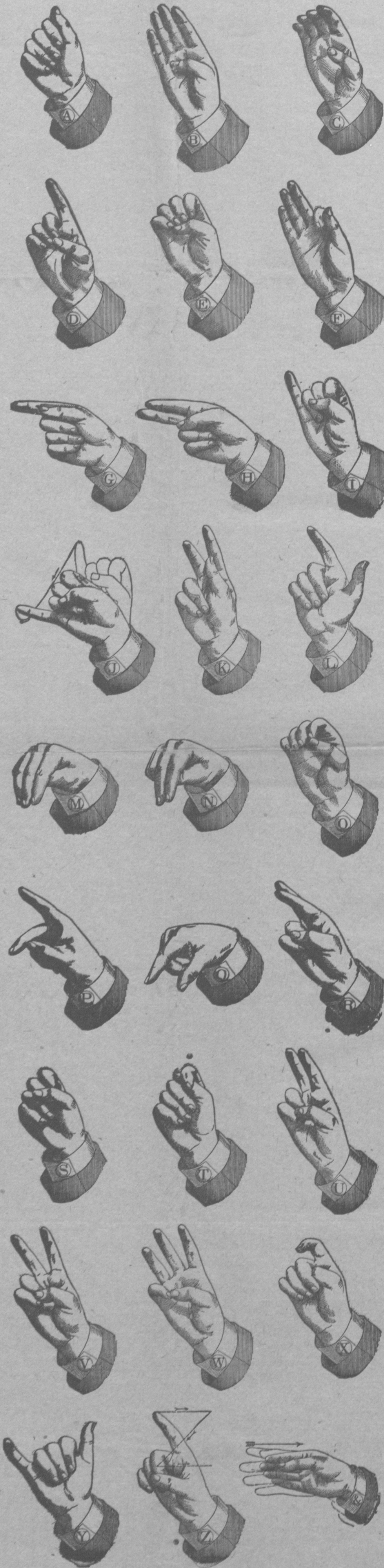
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